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THE EMIGRANT.

"WELL! this is the very last family that I ever intend to assist, with money, advice, or any thing else!" exclaimed a friend some evenings since, as we were sitting together at a late hour, enjoying the genial warmth of the bright wood fire, that blazed cheerfully upon the old-fashioned hearth. "There is now, no such thing as gratitude, however much you may do for others; and the most you receive is a mere cold civility, as if others had a perfect right to your time, money, and indeed every earthly possession! If you give fuel one day, it is only a sure way to receive a petition for clothes the next, and provisions the day after, and from Monday morning till Saturday night, whatever I may be doing, the constant call is, 'Please marm, jist give me a few old clothes for leetle Jamy, — or, please send some broth to old Granny, — or, please give me some money, to buy a few coals, for we haven't a spark of fire,' — and I declare I am tired of the sound; as if we couldn't for a single hour enjoy our own comfortable homes, without having to be constantly reminded of these poor creatures around us; and, as if our own poor were not enough for us to care for, hundreds must daily flock hither from all the alms-houses of the whole of Europe! — for my part, I say, let them stay where they are, and take care of themselves!"

"Not quite so fast," I exclaimed, "for, tomorrow a load of wood or a basket of provisions to one of these very intruders,

as you term them, will be the self-imposed penance for this speech."

"Never!" was the reply, "for as to having my own property claimed as a sort of right by these foreign paupers, or by our own people, I cannot, and will not submit to it! I say again, that there is not a particle of gratitude among the best of them."

"And *have* they not a claim upon your bounty,—ay, a *right* even, to demand a part of your abundance?" I replied, with some warmth. "Heaven never meant there should exist such a world-wide difference between children of the same family; some, surrounded, as you are, with every luxury, and others in want of the most common necessities of life! And why should we ask for gratitude, as if it were our rightful due? What do *we* render for all the benefits daily received from our Heavenly Parent? And when we remember our own coldness and forgetfulness, why should we expect a warmer return for the little we can do?"

"Well! talk as you please, and be as benevolent as you please, for my part, I have done with all such people. There is always work enough to be obtained, if they have the mind to do it, and if not, why, let them suffer for their laziness."

"But are there no infirm or unfortunate persons who need assistance, no sick parents or orphan children to whom even the humblest gift is a rich treasure!"

"Preach, if you will,—it is of no use to argue. I have made up my mind to enjoy what I have, and let other people take care of themselves."

"Delay your decision a few moments," I replied, "until I relate to you my own experience this afternoon, and then I will leave you quietly to your own reflections."

"Well,—begin your story; but don't imagine that you will convert me to your opinions, or argue me into benevolence."

"I have no idea of doing this," I replied; "for your own sake, I want you to do justice to the claims of others, and to be willing to admit that even among the lowest and poorest, there are warm and grateful hearts, and that none are so wholly degraded, as to be insensible to words of love and kindness."

At an early hour this morning I received a message from a poor woman, with whom I have been acquainted for some

time, requesting me to visit her as soon as possible, and begging me to render any assistance in my power, to a sick Irish woman, who had taken lodgings in the same house in which she resided.

Having several engagements at home during the forenoon, at an early hour after dinner I equipped myself for a long walk, as the house to which I was directed stands on a somewhat unfrequented road, about half a mile from the outskirts of the city. The wind was piercing cold, and the sudden gusts that swept through the streets drifted the newly fallen snow in every direction. Even the children who are so wont to loiter on their way to school, as if insensible to cold, to enjoy the "good long slide," in front of the old church, hastened on their way, holding their caps, and rubbing their hands, and seeking, with unwonted zeal, their accustomed seats in the school-room.

Wrapping my cloak closely around me, however, I hastened on, and in half-an-hour, came in sight of the old dwelling, so dilapidated in its appearance, that it seemed as if its tottering walls could hardly withstand the force of the strong north-west wind. A narrow path through the snow had been made in front of the house, and as the door stood half open, I entered without knocking. The lower room was neat in its general aspect, though destitute of all but the most necessary articles of daily use. A few coals burned in the broken grate, near which two little children were seated on the floor, the eldest about eight years of age.

"I'm so cold," sobbed the youngest little girl, — "my feet do ache so."

"Hush, Sissy, don't cry, — come to me, and I will rub them for you." And taking the little one in her lap, she strove to warm her almost benumbed limbs, and soothed her with a mother's tenderness.

"Why, Mary," said I, "whose little girl are you taking such good care of this cold day?" She started up, on seeing me, and a sudden glow suffused her otherwise pale face, as she replied in a low voice,

"This is Mrs. O'Neil's little girl; — mother is up stairs with her, for she is very ill, and I am taking care of Rosa till she comes down."

"And how long has she been here?"

"Just a week to-day, but she is so sick that mother don't think she can live long, — and then poor little Rosa won't have any mother to love her."

And taking the child again in her arms she drew closer to the fire, seeking to gain a little warmth from the few embers ; almost a vain attempt, I thought, as the wind whistled through the old casements, and the snow blew through the crevices in the wall, forming a strange contrast with its usual dark and dingy appearance.

After saying a few words to the child, at her request I ascended the old stair-case, and entered the room, or rather attic above. One hinge of the door was broken, so that it was impossible to have it closed, and the only light in the apartment came through a window, consisting originally of four panes of glass, two of which, having been broken, were replaced with pieces of wood, and old remnants of hats and coats. It was some moments before I could distinguish any object, but at length I discovered an old bed laid upon the floor in one corner, — one broken chair, and a table with a mug and a spoon placed upon it. This was all the furniture the room contained. My old friend Mrs. Norton, was seated at the side of the sick woman, and as I entered, rose, and kindly welcomed me.

"I had the boldness, Miss, to send for you to come and see me, thinking you might do something for this poor woman, who is going fast, I fear ; — and she *does* need comfortable things."

I had no need of her words to confirm the truth of my own observation.

"But why did you not send before," I asked, "or seek the aid of some physician?"

"Ah! Miss, I do not like to intrude on your kindness, — and as for a Doctor, who was to pay for having one, or for getting the medicines! — But she won't need any thing long now." And bending over the low couch, she whispered to the poor sufferer, that a friend had come to see her. The simple words seemed to rouse her from the stupor into which she had fallen, and opening her closed eyes, she raised her head, and turned towards me a countenance, on which the impress of death was plainly visible.

"Ah! and is'n't little Pat here! sure, I thought he was with

me, — and wasn't it his own sweet voice that called me 'mither,' jist as in old times? But I can't see him now, for it is dark, dark, — and cold."

"And you have been dreaming," I replied soothingly, "and I have come to see you, and help you if I can."

"God only can help me," she replied; "poor little Rosa is only left now," and sinking back on her pillow she drew the thin coverlet closer around her wasted form, as if to escape the very chillness of death.

There was no fire in the room, and in reply to my inquiries, Mrs. Norton informed me that she had endeavored to remove the sick woman to her own scantily furnished apartments, but that she found her too feeble to make the attempt. At my request she then went below, while I gathered the following particulars from the poor emigrant, relating to her former life, but as her words were often broken, and sometimes half unintelligible, I will simply give you a connected account of the same; — wishing only that they might leave the same impression on your mind that they have on mine.

Ellen O'Neil, or rather Ellen Murphy, for such was her maiden name, was born in the little village of —, near Dublin. Her father died during her early infancy, and her mother was left with six little children, to struggle with want, hardship, and poverty. At eight years of age, Ellen was considered old enough to contribute to the support of the family, and was employed in picking up and wheeling stones upon the public road. In this employment she passed the greater part of ten years, earning at the most but twelve cents a day, and living wholly upon potatoes, and occasionally a little meal, given to her mother through the kindness of an overseer, which furnished a rare treat to the little ones. At the age of eighteen she was married to one whom she had long known and loved, and brighter prospects for a time opened before her.

She moved to a house of her own, and a small plot of land supplied the little family with their winter's provision.

Years passed on; — four children were added to their home, and though their means were scanty, and the times were indeed hard, she faltered not, — for what so enduring as a mother's love! — But two years since the crop of potatoes, on which they had depended for their winter's subsistence, wholly failed;

work was no longer to be obtained, and famine entered their humble dwelling. Day after day the scanty stock of provisions was eked out, — but in vain. One by one the little ones drooped around her.

Every expedient was resorted to, until, at length, the dread pestilence which ever follows famine, entered the little village, and the two eldest children within one short week, were laid in the same grave. The father, after the first burst of grief had passed, determined to leave a spot which seemed so fatal to his happiness, and to embark the next week in an emigrant ship bound for New York, hoping at least to find in this country sufficient work to enable him to support his family with some good degree of comfort.

The little bundle containing all their worldly store was soon prepared, and with a sad heart Ellen visited, for the last time, the little grave in the church-yard, under the shade of the old chestnut tree. But the novelty of her situation and the new scenes constantly opening before her, for a time, drove away other thoughts; but the vessel had been on its way but a single week ere the emigrant fever broke out, and in three short days her husband, and "little Pat," had fallen its victims.

"Indeed I felt as if all alone," she exclaimed, "when the cold, dark waves closed over them, and little Rosa and me was all that was left."

It was three long weeks ere the vessel arrived at port, and a stranger among strangers, desolate and heart-broken, the poor emigrant and her child landed on one of the busy wharves of New York. Having no one to direct her, and with no means of procuring a lodging, she wandered from street to street, until at length, wearied and discouraged, she seated herself upon the steps of a house in Broadway. Night was fast approaching; the snow began to fall in large and heavy flakes, and pressing her little child more closely to her breast, and striving to shield her from the cold, with the old tattered shawl which was wrapped around her, she leaned her head against the cold stone, and only wished that she too, had been laid beneath the green sod or wave, with her little ones.

Hundreds of persons passed, but none took notice of the poor wanderer, and after two or three attempts to attract notice,

which were either coldly repulsed, or utterly unheeded, she yielded herself to the very calmness of despair.

At length she was aroused from the stupor by a kind voice, which inquired, "why she was there, and what she needed?" In a few broken words she made known her situation, when our good friend Mr. H——, bade her follow him, and he would endeavor to aid her if possible. A short walk brought them to a comparatively retired street, when her friend told her that she might remain at his house that night, and in the morning he would see what course was best for her to pursue.

Here she remained several days, receiving every kindness; but finding no prospect of employment, she expressed the wish to come to this city, hoping to meet a sister whom she had not seen for several years. Finding how earnest was her desire to see again the companion of her early days, Mr. and Mrs. H—— gave her every needed direction, and furnishing her with such articles and money as they could spare from their own scanty income, she left their truly Christian home, and arrived the next day at Providence.

Could you have heard her expressions of gratitude as she spoke of the kindness she had received, and witnessed the glow that lighted her dying features, as she prayed for Heaven's blessing on those kind friends, never again would you say, "that there was no such thing as gratitude." And richly too, would *they* have been rewarded, could they have known, how, amid cold and hunger and sickness, the remembrance of those few days, seemed like a bright and cheering beam, to keep her from utter discouragement; and how, even in her dying moments, *their* images blended with those from whom she had parted in sorrow; — but with whom she was so soon to be reunited.

At Providence she was attacked with sudden fever; her little resources were soon exhausted, and for a few weeks she found a shelter for herself and Rosa in the alms-house. But when her strength in some measure returned, the wish to reach this city, impelled her again to travel on, and about a week since she arrived in this neighborhood, and found a shelter in the miserable house I have described. Disappointed in not finding the friends she expected, with no means of procuring food, or a more comfortable lodging, unfitted from early

neglect and hardship, for any but the most menial employment, she became utterly disheartened, the fever, from which she had hardly recovered, again returned, and she was quickly reduced to the state in which I found her this afternoon.

This brief history I have related in simple words, without any attempt at detail. I only wish you could have felt its power, as enforced by her broken words, and the speaking eloquence of a countenance bearing the traces of early beauty, but now impressed with the marble hue of death. No fear or thought for herself seemed to fill her mind, but pressing a little wooden crucifix to her breast, she only prayed me to "remember little Rosa, and to be kind to the orphan child."

Saying a few words of sympathy, and promising to send such things as might render her few remaining days, or rather hours, more comfortable, I descended the broken stairs, and again entering the lower room, found Mrs. Norton and the two children seated around an old table, on which were placed the remnants of a brown loaf, and a piece of salt fish, — this being the only provision the house contained.

"We have an early supper, Miss, but 'tis so cold in this old place that I must put the little ones to bed, — for coals are very dear, and there's a long winter before us yet."

"But could you not get a more comfortable room in the city?" I asked.

"True, if I had any way to pay the rent, but one pair of hands can't do all, Miss; and since this poor woman has been here, I haven't had the heart to leave her."

"And do you intend to keep little Rosa with you?"

"Ah, Miss, who should take care of her now, if I do not? She can sleep with Mary, and 'tis but little food she requires, though, poor child, she does need warmer clothing this bitter weather."

As she said these words Rosa climbed upon her knee, and twining her little arms round her neck, and pressing her pale cheek to hers, looked into her face with such a mild and sad expression, that I wondered not at the love she had awakened.

O, how much truer happiness was there in that desolate room, and around that scanty board, than in many an apartment filled with every luxury, and around tables spread with the choicest delicacies!

Twilight was fast approaching, and I hastened on my way, that I might send some few comforts to this poor family, ere it should be too late. And now do you wonder my friend, that having just returned from such a scene, to our own pleasant home, the contrast seemed almost painful?

Why do we possess every luxury, while others are wanting the very necessities of life? Are we not indeed mere *stewards* of the divine bounty, and have not others some "rightful claim" even, upon those blessings which have been bestowed upon us, more than upon them?

And say not again, while we occasionally meet with such instances as this, that there is no gratitude, no feeling, no sympathy among the poor!

O, when we coldly pass them by, how little do we heed the wrong we do them! How little know the sorrow, the suffering, the privation, the heart-sickness that may have been theirs! How little know the causes which may have led them to poverty or sin; — the early neglect, the subsequent disappointment and discouragement, or the want of the single friendly word of sympathy and kindness! And in the eye of Heaven, who knows how often the scale of human judgment may be reversed, and the last become first, and the first last!

But I will not preach or sermonize. Let your own heart and your own better feelings and convictions give the true answer.

* * * * *

A simple cross of wood in the distant church-yard, alone marks the last resting place of the poor emigrant. And though a stranger among strangers, with but one friendly voice to soothe her dying moments, may we not hope that the divided household "whose graves are severed far and wide," are now again united, where sickness, and trial, and parting are unknown?

Little Rosa has been placed under the care of a most worthy friend, until old enough to gain her own support, — and may Heaven's richest blessing rest upon the little orphan, and may she be the means of cheering many a sad and lonely heart, and though in an humble sphere, be the dispenser of much good to the poor, the desolate and the forsaken.

H. M.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

WHAT is it? What an amount of money would be paid for such an assurance. The young man, anxious to become a millionaire, the young lady, desirous of securing an eligible position in life, the merchant, lawyer, clergyman, would feign know by what means this successful issue can be made. It is too trite a maxim to answer, the secret lies in *yourself*. We want the successive steps to the attainment, clearly marked out, definitely laid down, and then, say they who thus interrogate us, we will tell you if the plan is possible.

Perhaps there is no profession the members of which are more at a loss to account for their success, or want of it, than clergymen. A man writes a sermon — he is not conscious at the time of any remarkable clearness or vigor of thought or application; — perhaps he even questions its merits and distrusts its application as wanting force or power. He delivers it, and straightway the congregation gather about him, discuss its pertinency, and entreat a copy for the press. Again and again, have I known such an estimate placed upon a sermon thus written; — who shall point us to the secret of success? It was a subject in which the many were interested, it was delivered in an agreeable manner, and won its way to all hearts; but it was not *too long*.

A party of friends lately met to discuss this very subject, viz., ministerial failures and success. They were hearers, not preachers; and taking it for granted that most readers of this Magazine belong to the former class, we will address these remarks to both.

Much was conceded to the different tastes, qualifications and treatment of theological and practical subjects. This difference may help to explain the difficulty; but how happens it that one man whom we quoted, who has no manner or rare discrimination, nor great beauty of style, yet finds thousands attracted to his performances, who are never wearied in listening to his discourses? His is a peculiar business tact; and you see it in every thing. He reads a hymn with energy, he prays with fervency, he "preaches" with familiarity and ease, and even his

benediction savours of the same life-stirring air which has characterized his whole service. But, *he is short!*

Talk as we will about worship, we are still a restless people, and a long confinement in the sanctuary is not borne with complacency. A man may sit at his desk in his counting house from morning till a late dinner hour without a complaint of weariness; a woman may spend a whole day in devising some new trimming for a party dress. A young man may sit till midnight at the whist table, and a young lady never speaks of weariness if she dances till early dawn; but place these same characters in a church, and let them sit an hour and forty or fifty minutes, and hear what they say when they return home or speak freely to one another. "I'm tired of our minister; our services are so long they lose all the good intended. To be sure, he is an excellent man, but I cannot content myself to sit all day and hear such sermons; the morning suffices for me."

Look in at that church in the afternoon, and see the heads of families who are missing. It is of no use to wink out of sight these existing sentiments; people will not be compelled to do much that militates against their inclinations, excepting where much gain is acquired, and then, we all know, the aversion is quickly made to yield. We are restless, and I am sorry to add, I fear *irreverent*. All sorts of theories are broached, and even children now discuss sacred things as they would the most secular matters. An instance of this I will mention here. A mother who had taught her child to repeat his morning and evening prayers, all at once found he had discontinued the use of them. The mother anxiously demanded the reason of the omission?

"Oh," replied the boy, "father told Mr.—— the other evening there was no use of uttering *words* in prayer; our life was a continued prayer, and God did not need us to ask him for things he knew we needed far better than we knew ourselves." The mother attempted to speak of the benefit produced on our hearts by supplication; but the child answered as he had heard his father. We do discuss such subjects too freely and too flippantly. Their sacredness is lost and utility is substituted; children perceive it, and thus arises much of the daring, reckless conduct of the age. The observance of the Sabbath is lightly esteemed, and I have heard of a Sabbath

school teacher who told the members of his class that he did not feel there was any more sin in "*fishing*" on the Sabbath than any other day in the week; perhaps, with his etherial philosophy there might not be to *him*, but what would be the effect upon his *hearers*? We need all the wholesome restraints that can well be gathered about our characters, and after all, we shall find ourselves sadly defective in reverence and religious trust. There seems to be less regard for church attendance and reading suited to elevate our spiritual conceptions, than formerly. Or do I move among such a class as do not fairly represent the mass of the community? If so, I am thankful to be mistaken. It appears to me many buy their pews, pay their ministerial tax and go to church in the morning, just to maintain an old usage, feeling in the main it is a benefit to society to sustain religious institutions. They do not feel any personal need, and therefore never put themselves in a condition to get it. The clergy they say "*must live*"; and they are willing to support them; but they do not feel as if they were as successful as they might be." These are the precise words I have heard uttered in social gatherings, and we would repeat them, to elicit, if possible, the cure. And now we would speak a word to Pastors.

You know the restlessness of your people; they are depending on electric wires for their success in worldly matters. They invoke the aid of steam for commercial enterprises, and they will not long and often attend that church where prosy sermons and half hour prayers are uttered, be they ever so fervent and heart-searching.

The people must be met or they will entirely quit the sanctuary. It is to be feared that some will reason after the manner of the good man whose people raised his salary, feeling its insufficiency to meet his wants. Always lengthy, he attributed this benevolent act to a desire to hear him at still greater length, and so he continued till his benefactors besought him to spare himself and them from such an infliction. So too when the parish procured a new organ but had bad music, the same man read the longest hymns, protesting he could not understand the force of paying so much for an instrument which yielded no one any pleasure.

In looking over the manuscripts of a deceased clergyman, we find the following letter addressed to him by his father, who was an eminently practical man and a distinguished theologian. It seems to be in point to insert it here.

—, 1845.

MY DEAR SON,—I feel as if my experience in the ministerial office ought to be productive of advantage to myself, and benefit to you. I shall then speak plainly, and I trust wisely. Do not feel as if the pulpit is your principal sphere of action or field of usefulness. Study to become a *true man*. Go among your people as such, gain their respect and confidence, and do not feel as if visiting is merely a pastime to fritter away your time. Talk upon elevated subjects; all things may be spiritualized; speak to children and early gain their affections; you will often preach more effectively in the house than in the pulpit, but be sure and leave a mark wherever you go: *an impress that you have been there*. As regards your pulpit performances *be short*. In every sermon have some point clearly elucidated, strongly marked, and well carried out. No matter if you never exceed fifteen or twenty minutes in your sermon;—but let that time be employed in delivering sound thoughts upon subjects in which your people are interested. A Channing might well afford to be long; *he* could keep the attention; but young men are most *successful* when most *concise*. I used to preach sermons of fifty minutes' length; I then changed to those of thirty minutes, and now I rarely exceed twenty. I have done this to keep pace with the times; for I find we must all float with the current and clear away the "snags" as we go. My happiest efforts have been my shortest ones; my church has greatly increased in numbers, and my sermons are much better remembered than formerly. So I give you the result of *my* experience, and fearing if we do not admit the wants of the age we shall be left behind it, I have adopted the above plan hoping with Paul, by this means to "save some." Yours,

Let us come to decisive action in these matters. Let laity and clergy confer together upon spiritual wants, talk more plainly about those wants, and see how they can best be met. But you reply the people are not conscious of want; worldli-

ness has driven out all relish for heavenly things;—then, this is the very time to *act*. How came these interests of the soul thus obliterated? Let each ask himself, Am *I* at fault in this matter? Can *I* make the sanctuary services more winning? Can *I* by weekly conversations enkindle that waning spark which so dimly burns in my brother's heart? I feel conscious of my want of success in past time; let us see if no innovations can be made which will increase our recognition of the soul's high destiny? The people will meet this discussion. I know many hearts that are yearning for some action that will arouse their dormant powers.

The young need more attention; they want to be made to feel that all they do is not sinful, that the regular performance of duty, if worldly in character, is a discipline which will fit them for higher employments. All this is told them, you reply. Say it not from the pulpit, my friends, but face to face to your hearers, and depend upon it you will find much of the "secret" of usefulness is laid in freely opening your hearts to each other.

"Be watchful for souls." Lose none by neglect. I have in my mind the case of two or three young men who regularly attended a certain church, but whom their minister never knew;—to be sure they had introduced themselves, but in the pressure of his engagements he forgot their claims, and soon after failed to recognize them in the street;—they left the church, changed their denomination even, and are now prominent leaders in other churches. Others are discouraged, and quit all worshipping assemblies. Once and again let me add, Feed the lambs of the flock; religion must be set forth in a more attractive light. How is it that we so soon enlist such youthful aspirants in *politics*? Do not the eager and earnest advocates of a party bring every thing to bear upon their chosen object? Caucuses are held, ward meetings are appointed, the spirit is enkindled, and there is never any want of young men to act upon any "committees." But *religion* seems to be a distinct, separate interest. Most of the young who attend upon our stated means of gaining religious knowledge, and quickening religious faith, seem to think the subject is only fitted for age, or bereavement, or sickness, and days when the business of the world is laid aside. Why can we

not make it apparent that the soul and body are bound together; — that business and worship are in harmony with each other — that thus united, life flows on more pleasantly, because we are thus answering our being's aim? But why not improve upon the old forms, and if need be, substitute more attractive services? Any worship that is wearisome is seldom profitable?

Happening to be late the other day I dropped into a neighboring church. The services occupied but fifty minutes from the commencement to the close! The same morning, I had heard a sermon of the same length as the above service; and yet I retained far more of that which was scarcely more than fifteen minutes long, and shall long remember it, whenever any association of ideas recalls the subject to my thoughts. Is it not so with others? Preaching is so much a set task, and people sit so passively under the most eloquent and heart-searching delineations of truth and duty, it seems as if it were time they were quickened by some methods and aroused by some innovations upon the past. Do we not sever the religious part of our nature from our worldly activities? Can we not be taught to blend them together? We talk about "seasons of devotion," "stated times for religious service," "Saturday evening preparations for Sabbath exercises," — whereas all times should be favorable for the spirit of communion, and every hour a preparation for that sabbath of the soul where the completion of one duty prepares for another more exalted in succession.

These may justly be characterized as rambling thoughts, but they have emanated from an earnest heart that would meet the wants of the age, and more particularly the spiritual wants of those around us. There is a deadly insensibility; and it is high time both clergy and laity applied themselves still more vigorously to supply the remedy. If there be a "secret" which insures "success," let us find where it lies.

H. S. E.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM,

DELIVERED BEFORE A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

SPIRIT of Charity, by Jesus given !
'Tis thine to make this earth resemble heaven.
Ever be thou within their hearts enshrined
Who gird themselves to battle for mankind !
Even when most loudly the reformer's call
Rings on the air, and fast before him fall
The banded hosts of evil, let him feel
No angry passion guides his warrior steel ;
He strikes to rescue ; he but wounds to heal !
The wretched victim when ye strive to save,
Be kind and gentle, as ye're true and brave !
Bear with the madness that your counsel spurns,
Your aid rejects, ill for your good returns.
Still pray and toil ; still gently earnest plead,
Still firmly act ; be wise in word and deed.

How lovely, beaming o'er a sea of woes,
The star of your great effort first arose !
Throughout the land her nets Intemperance spread,
Nor spared the lowly nor the honored head.
From cottage hearths the tenant Peace she drove,
Sweet Peace, that loves in cottaged vale to rove !
And they who foremost in the ranks of state,
Sat at the council board in grave debate,
Or plead the widow's and the orphan's cause
Before the awful judges of the laws,
Saw their thinn'd ranks, and mourn'd the fallen pride
Of those who once were equals at their side.
The kind physician, who from death could save,
Yielded himself to worse than death, a slave !
E'en they who stood in their Redeemer's name,
His sacred law commissioned to proclaim,
Tasted that cup of guilt, and downward driven,
Like rebel angels, fell from virtue's heaven !
The land was full of mourning ; widows there,
Whose husbands yet respired the vital air,
And orphans, o'er whose senseless father's head,
Not yet the churchyard ashes had been shed,
Yet orphaned, widowed truly, raised their moan
O'er their lost hopes before the Almighty's throne.

He heard and answered. Then the pulpit woke ;
The men of God their Master's message spoke.
From various creeds the high-souled champions join;
Beecher! thy voice was heard, and Palfrey, thine!
How honored now! One, in his green old age,
Sees, ere he quits this mortal pilgrimage,
A noble band of sons and daughters rise,
To purify the earth, and cheer the skies.
The other, champion late of Freedom's cause,
Fearless of blame, and careless of applause,
Stood for New England, and the prostrate slave,
Alone 'mid hundreds, bravest of the brave!
Such were the men that first for Temperance spread
The Christian banner, and the onset led.
And soon was heard the watchword, ringing clear;
"The pledge, the pledge!" salutes the gladdened ear.
Yes! and a mighty army shouts it forth,
The banded hosts of South, and West, and North.
Together to the common cause they bring
The vow to taste not the accursed thing.
Hark! from the green isle of the bard and saint,
Mingled with riot's roar, and misery's plaint,
Comes the clear voice of pity and of love,
Sweet "as the song of angels heard above!"
Hail to thee, Mathew! Erin's noblest son!
Time shall not fade the laurels thou hast won;
For not by widows' tears those laurels grew,
And never wet with battle's bloody dew,
But rescued homes and happy hearts have given
A fame to thee, whose record is in heaven!

Nor let that wonder from our memory fade,
How, when the sinking cause most needed aid,
The victims, whom the tyrant's art had bound,
Sudden their life, their strength, their courage found.
From the vile den where they had knelt to crime,
See, they go forth, reformers of their time.
Lo, listening crowds upon their accents dwell,
Thrill'd by the tale, how they from virtue fell,
What ills they bore, how want and anguish came,
And selfish appetite, and crouching shame;
How the sad wife, her hope, her courage gone,
Sunk ever toward the grave, yet lingered on;
How children, once who came with artless wile,
To win from care-press'd lips a father's smile,
Learned soon to shun their parent's homeward path,
And fly to hide them from his causeless wrath;

How sometimes, in a moment fraught with woe,
For some imagined fault a hasty blow
Would blight forever some fair stripling's bloom,
And give his coming years the cripple's mournful doom.
But lo! the scene is changed; to that sad cell,
Where sin and shame, where want and misery dwell,
The husband comes, an altered man; his eye
Gleams not with passion, and his cheek's hot dye
Is nearer to the hue of tranquil health;
The trembling wife and children look by stealth,
Surprised, — and new-sprung hope, long stranger there,
Lightens the darkness of their past despair.
Oh what hath wrought the change? His words are kind,
His step is steady, — undisturbed his mind.
"For thee, for thee," he cries, "in youth first loved,
So long by meek endurance faithful proved,
For thee and for our little ones 'tis done,
The pledge is signed, — the victory is won!"
Sudden from eyes that have not wept for years,
Since shame and suffering sealed the fount of tears,
The torrent bursts afresh, the flood of joy,
Pure, heartfelt happiness, without alloy.
And timid childhood gathers strength to climb
The father's knee again, as in the good old time!
Such tales they told of what themselves had seen;
Ah like the Trojan chief, of what themselves had been!
The narrative no rounded periods graced,
No fair adornments of a polished taste,
But truth and manliness there bore their part,
And simple eloquence that thrilled the heart.

On, then, and prosper! well has been begun
Your work of love, but much is to be done.
Let the old spirit rise, the zeal that broke
First from our nation's neck Intemperance' yoke.
Let the bold advocates of human weal
To every class present their strong appeal;
Urge on the rich to give example's aid,
The dealer, to forsake his dangerous trade;
Strengthen the fallen, that they yet may rise
And walk with port erect, beneath the pardoning skies.
But oh, beyond all else, to generous youth
Be uttered words of eloquence and truth;
That they who never yet have sunk to sin,
May keep that innocence they glory in;
That their free, bounding limbs may never know
The stupid drunkard's staggering step and slow;

That to their cheeks, where health's bright roses bloom,
Intemperance' raging fire may never come;
That the pure hearts, which now for virtue swell,
Where now all noble aspirations dwell,
May ne'er renounce the glory of their birth,
Children of heaven, though denizens of earth,
To live a few dishonored years, then die,
And fill a tearless grave, without a hope on high!

S. G. B.

HOPE IN GOD THE SOUL'S SOLACE AND RELIEF IN ITS DISQUIET AND SADNESS.

A SERMON, BY REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D.

PSALM xlii. 5. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

It can be known only to the Omniscient and to the sad and disquieted wayfarers in this world of trial, of much mournful vicissitude and mystery, who have sought consolation in the Sacred Scriptures, the recorded thoughts, feelings, emotions and utterances of holy and tried men, who spake as they were moved by a holy and divine inspiration, — it can be known, I say, only to God and the devout readers themselves of those Scriptures, how many sad hearts have been soothed, how many agitated bosoms have been tranquillized, by the touching and inimitable strains in which David has poured out the sorrows of a soul of deep sensibility, susceptible in the highest degree of emotions of profound sadness and grief, as well as of the most elevated joy and gladness, of sublime trust, of rapturous exultation and hope in God. Who has not felt the power of this divine bard to awaken the sympathies of his reader in responsive unison, now with his complaints and sighs, and from these rising by degrees to confidence and a joyful blessed repose of all his soul's griefs, solicitudes, aspirations and destinies in the God of his salvation, till the

strain, which began in lamentations and tears, has ended in triumph and rapture? What devout reader of the Psalms in seasons of deep sorrow and depression, of melancholy even verging to despair, has not been consoled and felt his courage and hope in God revive, when he has dwelt upon some one or other of the numberless affecting expressions of faith and confidence in God, grounded upon the recorded experience of the divine mercies, of timely succor and relief, *which have been ever of old*, with which these unrivalled compositions abound? Who has not felt his sorrows and anxious disquietudes allayed by repeating to himself the touching apostrophe in the text: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance"?

I propose in the sequel briefly to advert to some of the causes of sadness, or rather to notice some of the more obvious and frequently occurring instances of mental depression and disquiet, — some of those deep feelings of a melancholy spirit, those anxious soul-yearnings for light, rest and peace which the world cannot give, to which the soul or mind is subject, in its frail tenement of clay, especially in persons of much thought and self-communion, of an imaginative and sensitive temperament, — and to direct the subjects of this sadness of spirit to the only relief and ultimate refuge and repose of the soul, viz. *hope in God.*

This is a good and beautiful world to the good, the innocent and the pure-minded, whose lot is exempt from severe toil, from a morbid physical or mental constitution, from incongruous connexions, from oppressive responsibilities, from cares or burdens beyond their strength to bear, resulting from the unnatural and ill-arranged structure of society, imposing, as it does, indissoluble bonds and heavy burdens which bow down and crush the spirits of countless thousands, who, but for those bonds and burdens, would be buoyant, cheerful and happy. It certainly is a good and beautiful world in itself; and it is seen and felt to be such by all whose circumstances, employments, and most important and intimate relations are agreeable to their wishes and congenial with their natural temperament, tastes, capacities and attainments. But this happiness falls to the lot of only a fortunate few; and of those

who are in these favorable circumstances for a season, few or none continue thus favored for many years. Changes, reverses, bring trouble, disquiet, grief and sadness of spirit.

The vicissitudes even of this beautiful outward world, the mutations in the aspects of the heavens and the earth, which mark the different periods and diversify the hours and the temperature of the days, and still more palpably the successive seasons of the year, occasion vicissitudes of joy and sadness to the soul, subject, as it is, in its fragile fabric of flesh and blood, to the skyey influences and atmospheric changes, and the ever-varying position and phases of the planet we inhabit. There is a sympathy in our souls with these varying influences and aspects of nature.

The awakening of the earth from the long slumbers, the cheerless and desolate reign of winter to vernal life and beauty, — the revival of the verdure, of the flowers and their fragrance, — the renewal of the foliage, of the song of birds, the voices of insects and the young of animals, — the joyousness of universal hope and promise, of which the earth gives signs over all its teeming surface, never fail sensibly to affect, to exhilarate and gladden the spirit in man. The most insensible sympathize with the smiling aspect of nature, and feel the genial influence of that "vernal joy," which the divine bard of "Paradise Lost" has pronounced "able to drive all sadness but despair."

On the other hand, there are few minds that are not affected with sadness, — it may be a not unpleasing melancholy, — at the spectacle of decay and death, which the autumn presents, when, as one of our sweetest native poets has sung,

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere."

Every aspect, every sound of the dying year is an emblem and a presage to man of the declining strength, the fading lustre, the darkening vision, the feebler pulse, the tardier step, the gathering chills and prophetic frosts of his "sober autumn fading into age." The sighing of the winds is in mournful unison with the thoughts which the scenes and objects of decay and dissolution inspire. The harbingers of coming winter carry forward the mind to the concluding scene of life's event-

ful drama. And in winter itself man sees, in the silence and gloom and the cold white robe which covers the earth, his own mute, pale and lifeless form apparelled in its last dress, and laid to rest in the cold bosom of its parent earth.

Who is there that can witness these decaying and darkling scenes, these solemn and melancholy aspects of nature, and not feel their saddening influence taking possession of the soul? Who can look abroad and behold all around

"So dead the vegetable kingdom lie,
So dumb the tuneful,"—

and the funeral robe spread over all, and his spirit in its depression not feel itself prompted to the utterance of words like those of the patriarch, lamenting the destiny of man, as "of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not;" or those of the meditative psalmist, musing also upon the brevity and disquiet of man's transient sojourn upon earth, till his kindling spirit pours forth its emotions in that plaintive elegiac strain, "Man at his best estate is altogether vanity. He walketh in a vain show; he is disquieted in vain. He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them. Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee."

Under all its varieties of aspect, amidst all its scenes, even the most solemn, melancholy and awful, it is the appointed office of nature to lead the mind of man to its Author; it is for this final end that all its changes and phenomena, its alternations of the bright and the gloomy, the beautiful and the terrible, have such a strange and mysterious influence and dominion over our minds. The more sad, depressing, or mournful the feelings and sentiments inspired by these aspects and changes, their natural and more direct tendency is to raise the soul to God in devout and humble trust and hope in Him, as its only unfailing refuge and unchangeable good portion and happiness. All else is felt to be perishable, mutable and transient; *but with God there is everlasting strength and consolation.*

Witnessing the decay and desolation of nature, — reminded by the spectacle of what has been the fate of man in all generations, seeing that such is the end to which all that is mutable and mortal must come at last, we look above all these passing scenes, beyond the visible and temporal; and we see above all and through all and in all these changing scenes and objects the everlasting One, *who is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end.* Amid all the vicissitudes of nature we behold the ever-present God, *with whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning.*

It is in such hours of thoughtful contemplation, holding mournful converse with the perishable, the mutable, and the vanishing, while our spirits sigh in yearning sympathy with the fading beauty and withering flowers of autumn, or in melancholy unison with the complaining winds and joyless aspect of winter, with the scenes of gloom and the moaning voice of creation, as it were, *groaning and travailing in pain,* as viewed by the apostle, — it is when we thus contemplate this outward world, that we lift our desponding eyes in search of comfort and an abiding home for the weary spirit with blessed spirits above,

“Who have no sorrow in their songs,
No winter in their year;”

and we find what we seek only with Him that made us and liveth forever, and who hath never for a moment forgotten or forsaken, or will ever forget or forsake the creature he has fashioned after his own likeness and created to be an image of His own eternity.

He who thus contemplates the changes, and yields his spirit to the influences and teachings of nature, though the fading aspect of autumn, the gloom and desolation of winter may inspire thoughts and feelings of sombre hue and character, they at the same time carry forward the mind from the decay to the renewal of nature. The cheering thought comes to dispel the gloom that was settling down upon the spirit, that the great Being whom all these changes obey, will, at the appointed time send forth His spirit and renew the face of the earth; that spring and summer shall return at His bidding and bring with them their welcome attendants, — made all the more wel-

come for their temporary absence, — of renovated life and gladness, of universal beauty and splendor. With this thought hope dawns upon the sadness of the spirit. The melancholy of decay and gloom becomes the very herald of renovation and joy. "The [magnificent circle of nature," says an eloquent writer, "opens upon our view; we anticipate the analogous resurrection of our being; we see beyond the grave a greater spring, and we people it with those who have given joy to that which is past. With such final impressions we submit ourselves gladly to the destiny of our being." And it is thus the sadness inspired by the decay and gloomy aspect of nature, leads to the loftiest and most cheering sentiments and views of God's purposes and our final destination: conducts us, as by some mysterious charm, from the melancholy of a depressed and disquieted spirit to the highest and most cheering hopes and consolations of our being. In our depression and mournful sympathy with the decay and death of nature, we adopt the apostrophe of the Psalmist, and the joy of hope returns: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance."

But there is a deeper sadness and disquiet than results from contemplating and sympathizing with the sombre and cheerless aspects and vicissitudes of external nature. There are minds and occasional conditions of mind, to which most persons are liable that suffer the most painful perplexity and distress in view of the impenetrable mysteries that environ and are wrapped up in our being. How inscrutable and mysterious the origin of this being? What means this ceaseless, solemn and vast procession of a race of creatures, such as man, "endowed with such large discourse, looking before and after," coming into life, making their hasty transit over the surface of earth, disappearing and gone, we know not whither, — or for what end the successive generations come and depart, and cease not coming and departing? Has it been forever so, and is it so to continue for ever? What is this mysterious firmament over our heads? Has it limits? Are the planets worlds, and the fixed stars suns, like ours? What is this to us boundless universe? Why does the whole creation, as the apostle truly says, travail and groan in pain? Why has the

creature, man, been made subject to vanity and death? Certainly not willingly, as this same apostle says. I might multiply questions like these almost without limit — questions which will sometimes be put to itself by every deeply inquiring spirit, and to which nature gives no response. And it is from much musing and self-questioning upon the many subjects of thought, of the actual and ideal, touching the seen, the unseen, and the mysterious involved therein, that many a mind becomes perplexed, agonized with unutterable yearnings and fruitless soul-struggles to penetrate the mysterious veil that shrouds the origin and ulterior destiny of man — the origin, the author and purport of this illimitable universe, — in a word, to unravel the mysteries which envelope and encircle man's frail existence in the limited fragment of infinite duration and space, which he occupies during his habitancy in a mortal body.

No better remedy for the sadness and disquiet which the mind experiences in view of these dark enigmas and inexplicable mysteries, can be prescribed than that which the Psalmist applied to his spirit, when cast down and disquieted within him, — "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance, — for the light of his heavenly presence, when thou shalt see as thou art seen, and know even as thou art known." Or take the like prescription of the great ethical poet,

"Hope humbly then, — with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore."

But the soul is cast down and disquieted, in very many, from the deep-felt pressure and actual burden of ills, for which there is no outward relief, or earthly remedy.

How many, in the unavoidable ignorance and inexperience of their youth, voluntarily, or compelled by circumstances, form connexions and manacle themselves with bonds, that make life a sad and heartless sojourn of uncongenial intercourse and habitancy in the same dwelling, legally "paired, but not matched," — whose mental attainments and qualities, dispositions, tastes, views of life and entire characters make them as wide apart from each other as two beings of different species. Their existence is only a prolongation of mutual

regrets, embittered, it may be, by a consciousness of incurable incongruity, if not aversion. And these invisible, clankless, but galling chains must be worn till death releases the wearer from their weight, the wounded spirit is let go to find, if God has so provided, sympathy and solace with some kindred and congenial spirit in a happier world.

But while such a life is passing away, though all outward goods are accumulated within the precincts of the home of such a life, in which the heart finds no home for its affections, the cause is sufficiently obvious when the soul of the sufferer is cast down and disquieted. Yet even for this, to an affectionate nature perhaps the most pitiable of all earthly trials, there is the same resource which the Psalmist found, the refuge, the support, the solace of all human misery, — *hope in God*. All disappointments, all privations, however bitter, all calamities patiently borne and religiously improved, God will compensate in the life to come by a far more exceeding and eternal blessedness. For the afflicted, who meekly endure and regard their afflictions as talents to be turned to the soul's profit, there is indeed *hope in God*, a hope that is brightest when all earthly hopes of happiness have been blighted, and are extinct and dead.

But again ; there are happy relations, sweet confidences and friendships, where heart meets heart reciprocally true, endeared and faithful, formed to bless and improve each other, and to constitute each other's perpetual joy and solace, whose union is to them an unfailing source of virtuous endeavor to be altogether worthy of each other's love, all whose labors and cares are blessed and hallowed by those household affections and joys with which a stranger intermeddleth not. But no earthly ties between mortals, however sacred and virtuous, are immortal. One is taken, and the other left. And when death divides those who are thus united, the poet of the "Night Thoughts" has truly said, "'Tis the survivor dies ;" for all is taken from the survivor "that makes it life to live." None but the bereaved, whose experience has taught them, can know the void that is thus produced in the heart and in all outward things by such a bereavement. Mourners thus bereaved have no occasion to ask the cause, for it is but too deeply felt and deplored, why their soul is cast down and dis-

quieted within them. Though life has become to them a lonely and joyless pilgrimage, and no other interest or satisfaction remains for them, but that which they find in the conscientious discharge of their duties, the patient endurance of unshared burdens and griefs, till summoned to rejoin the departed, no more to be divided forever, — still there is for the mourners this unfailing solace, the perennial joy of hope, — “hope in God; for they shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance,” — they shall yet praise him in renewed and indissoluble union in his heavenly presence to go no more out forever.

It is thus when all else fails us, when every other dependence, every thing that is most pleasant and dear to us is taken away, or embittered by sorrow, or rendered insipid because unshared by the lover and friend, whose sympathy and affection made every toil sweet, every duty easy and every burden light, — gave to all pleasures their power to please, blunted the edge of every pain, softened every calamity and imparted to “affliction a taste almost as sweet as any cordial comfort”; — when thus desolate in widowed loneliness, the soul is still sustained, cheered and gladdened with a joy, not of earth but of heaven, by hope in God. For with him live the spirits of the departed, and, though dead to this world, they are alive to God. Though no more seen among the dwellers of earth, the loved are not lost, but only gone before, and are safely garnered with the Christian’s hope laid up for him in heaven, and there waiting to welcome the loved ones they have left behind to their own “fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore at God’s right hand.”

But once more; there is a cause of deeper depression and inquiet in the soul than has yet been named. Guilt, conscious guilt, has power to agitate and cast down the soul to the lowest depths of gloom, of wretchedness and wo. “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.” Conscience pursues the transgressor by night and by day with its whip of scorpions. The torment of the self-condemned is unequalled, unapproached and approachable by any suffering from outward calamity. It is the unappeasable torture of a barbed and poisonous arrow rankling in the soul and drinking up the life of the spirit. There is indeed no plague like the

plague of the heart. There is no misery like that of a sin-stricken and conscience-smitten soul. Yet even for guilt the most crimson, guilt the most complicated and aggravated, there is a resource. Though all of earth and human kind avoid and, shuddering, shrink from the wretched outcast and doomed felon,

"Still, prayer is strong and God is good;
Man is not made for endless ill;
Th' offending soul in darkest mood,
Hath yet a hope, a refuge still.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the past is laid;
And near to faith's old Minster towers
The Cross lights up the ghastly shade.

Around its foot the shapes of fear,
Whose eyes the sinner's heart appal,
As sister suppliants thrill the ear
With cries that loud for mercy call.

Thou, God, wilt hear; thy pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy;
And fell remorse, for chastening sent,
When Thou commandest, works for joy."

And so it is, even for the most abject and wretched condition of guilt and wo, there is the God of all grace and compassion still waiting to hear the cry of the penitent — still waiting to raise up and cheer the depressed and fallen soul, prostrate in the dust, and to revive the hope of the broken in spirit and of the contrite in heart. For every penitent offender there is hope in God, who hateth nothing that he has made, and desireth not the death of the sinner, but that he should turn and live. "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, even to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

There is, then, no sadness that the blessed God cannot cheer, no distress that he cannot relieve, no evil that he cannot remedy, no guilt that he will not pardon to the penitent. "He hath so loved the world that he hath given his dearly beloved Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not per

ish, but have everlasting life." He hath left recorded for us, the purport and end of his mission and errand of love. He was manifested for us, for all who by him do believe in God, that raised him from the dead and gave him glory, that our faith and hope might be in God.

PASSAGES FROM THE PAPERS OF A MISSIONARY.

III.

THE evils of a sectarian spirit, and of sectarian divisions and rivalries are everywhere evident enough and everywhere lamentable enough; but at the West, we think, they are to be seen in boldest relief, and are there brought out to observation so as to wound most painfully all Christ-loving, peace-loving and union-loving hearts. Here, we think, are to be seen the most signal manifestations of sectarian bigotry; and here the demon of sectarianism rages, when his fit of madness is upon him, with a peculiar virulence and atrocity. In many of our villages, where already there are more church edifices than would suffice to accommodate double all the church-going population, a 'split' takes place in some society, or some new sect becomes enlarged in its numbers, and forthwith a new church is built, the funds for which might be more usefully expended in the cause of Christ, and would never have been devoted to such a purpose but that the 'grit was up' and the determination was, not to be out-done by any one. In such a village, of course, there must be large expenditures for the maintenance of the ministry, even when ministers are very poorly provided for; and from this struggling of three or four feeble churches to maintain a separate existence, where there is room and material only for a single church, there follow such consequences as these: burdensome and ruinous debts; mutual rivalries and jealousies and strivings to obtain additions to their numbers, which unlovely and unchristian ambition neutralizes almost all the efforts

the parties may make to do good and leaves many disgusted with all that pertains to religion. The preaching, in many such churches, is naturally enough devoted much more to make men attached to a sect than to the cause of Christ — to secure additions to their numbers than to build up those who are already members in holiness and all goodness. Church discipline, for the same cause, is most laxly administered, members being often retained in churches who are notoriously dishonest or otherwise unworthy, because where there is such a poverty of means and paucity of members, even one member, especially if wealthy, can ill be spared. The standard of Christian character and conduct is, in this way, sadly degraded and brought down to a level with the morality prevalent among the multitude. Nay worse; members are sometimes retained in churches from this cause, whose mean and fraudulent transactions would at once banish them from any respectable society.

Where such a state of things prevails there must be all sorts of scheming and finessing for sectarian purposes. There must also be great vigilance on the part of the leaders to secure all they can in the way of sectarian capital, and to guard all their members against any unwary word or deed which might furnish any capital to any of the parties opposed to them. Amusing instances of this sometimes come to our knowledge. A member of one of these churches so straitened for numbers once attended where the Gospel was preached without reference to mere sectarian interests, and was so much pleased as to speak of the sermon to several of his neighbors as being "all Gospel, a truly Gospel sermon, such as he had not heard for many a day." One of the very vigilant members of the church to which that individual belonged, took him to task for this (most imprudent!) admission. He stated to him that the consequence of his making such statements would be that many would be led to go after other preaching than that which they had in their own house, and that finally many might be led to stay away permanently. Moreover he was told that if he continued to attend such preaching, others would think they might do so also, and screen themselves from blame by pleading his example. Thus was a venerable old man, seeking perhaps for more light and more strength to

guide him on his heaven-ward way, over-awed and deterred from farther attendance and farther candid testimony.

Such is one specimen of the miserable sectarian tyranny which enslaves so many, which bows the spirits of so many in the dust, and keeps them in bondage all their life-time. Cases of a similar nature might be multiplied *usque ad nauseam*.

PROTESTANTISM INDEPENDENT OF A SUCCESSION.

BY REV. CHARLES T. BROOKS.

It is interesting to trace back the history of the Protestant principle in its successive or simultaneous efforts to establish itself under one or another form — it is interesting to remark the scattered instances of a purer idea of the Church and of Christianity and of a purer purpose to live up to it, in individuals or in communities which meet us in the shadow of the dark ages, and which we hardly know whether to refer backward as indications that the sun has been above the horizon, or forward as indications that a new day has broken. How far these reforming spirits or communities — these “cities set on a hill,” figuratively, though, in fact, oftener set in a valley — had communication with each other through distance of time or place would be interesting to know. But it appears to me that many Protestant writers have manifested, I will not say, too great a degree, but a wrong kind of anxiety to make out the antiquity and apostolic succession of Protestantism. Their tone strongly indicates a very feeble conception of the true and great Protestant principle. Doubtless it is a very happy application of the apocalyptic prophecy, and it may possibly have been St. John’s meaning, that we should understand by the two witnesses preaching in sackcloth for 1260 days the true Church, — namely, the Protestant bearing testimony against the mother of abominations and the man of sin for so many years, namely from the time of Charlemagne down to this, though it must be confessed the “man of sin” may appear in other forms than

that of the pope ; and Protestant churches have too often acted as much like the mother of abominations as if they had been her rebellious daughters — and although St. John's representations fairly considered seem to apply very well to any corrupt, worldly priesthood, any adulterating of the Christian faith with the political spirit — it may be pleasant and there may be good ground to entertain the opinion of Mr. Le Bas in regard to those Protestant dwellers in the vales of Piedmont in the twelfth century, who says " I confess, the probability appears to me, not that the Vaudois shook off the superstitions of the Romish church, but rather that they had never put them on," and it may be possible to prove that they had the three orders of the clergy, though their calling their pastors bishops would not prove them anything more than Scripture bishops or elders or simple ministers ; and it may be an interesting fact to know that they insisted upon the Pauline Doctrine of justification by faith ; and still more interesting is it to believe that they proved their faith by good works and real *righteousness* when good works were so scarce and the righteousnesses of many were as filthy rags ; and it may be plausibly maintained, and I am inclined to think is correctly, that those scattered sects of anti-Papists which appeared in the south of France and the North of Italy and other neighboring regions three or four centuries previous to the Reformation came originally, driven by persecution by the way of Thrace from Asia Minor, whither they had come from Syria, where their creed and discipline had been kept clear of Romish errors — but what then ? Supposing as Protestants we could trace our ecclesiastical pedigree up to the very apostles, as the Roman Catholics and the Oxford Catholics and all the high Episcopalians profess to trace them — what then ? Character, principle cannot be transmitted, and what is creed or ritual good for without these ? The transmission of the spirit by imposition of hands from one human being to another does not hand down necessarily even a peculiar soundness of faith ; otherwise how should an Episcopal clergyman as has recently happened (I refer to it merely for illustration) — even become a Unitarian ? But we were speaking of principle now, not opinion, and what I say is that principle, character is something incommunicable, a matter of individual responsibility and of individual attainment. Now Protestantism, true Protestantism

is a matter of principle and not of doctrine merely, an affair of character and not of speculation — a sentiment of the whole soul and not merely a notion of the head. I know writers calling themselves Protestants have virtually maintained a different view from this, and have talked about the doctrines of the Reformation, as if the great battle had been waged mainly to support the creed of justification by faith ; — this is D'Aubigne's great idea and, I think, great mistake. The reformers protested or should have protested, the spirit of truth meant that they should protest, not so much against any false doctrine or abominable practice, as against the right of any man or body of men to place a creed between the individual mind and the Scriptures, against the principle of irresponsible and infallible Church authority, whether vested in Pope, canon or council. If this is what the Reformers did or meant to do, amidst all their inconsistencies, then this is their great merit, this the great mission which they have left their successors to fulfil ; — if any thing contrary to this was their design, as Gibbon and others insinuate, if they "were ambitious of succeeding the tyrants they had dethroned," — and certainly the progress of the Reformation makes it look very much like a struggle for ecclesiastical and political power with many of the leading men and bodies concerned it — if this was at the bottom of it, or just so far as it has taken this tendency to a creed-imposing, rather than a freedom-securing movement, just so far is the Reformation to be reformed and Protestantism itself to be protested against. And surely much of this very work is to be done. Proper Protestantism, let it be repeated, calls men back to the Bible, as sufficient to sustain the peace and purity of the Church without the transmission of creeds to tell men what they must find there. Protestantism must be protested against or individual liberty defended till creeds are dethroned and the Bible left to shine with its own light. Facts we are gratefully to accept from other times, and opinions, as opinions, and the great, stereotype fact of the Bible, which the Reformation has enabled all to read, we have only by inheritance, but inferences from the Bible we must be left to form for ourselves. "We must give over this babbling," says an able writer, "about the Doctrines of the Reformation ; we must learn that there was no set of theological tenets by which the first

Reformers, as such, were distinguished ; but that in this respect they differed among themselves, and were understood to differ from the beginning. They agreed only in the principles, on which they professed to come to their doctrine ; and it is over these principles, rightly denominated "the principles of the Reformation," that the great battle is to be fought. It is not enough considered that a man may hold all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, not excepting those of Papal supremacy and infallibility, as now explained by some Catholic writers, and still, if he holds them as matter of personal inquiry and conviction, and *protests* against the exercise of any form of arbitrary authority, he is in heart and deed a Protestant. On the contrary, a man may hold all the doctrines of Calvin, or Arminius or Socinus, and still, if he holds them not because he has reproduced them in his own mind, but only as matter of tradition, or dictation, he has nothing of the Protestant but the name. The Protestant Reformation has utterly failed of its great purpose and needs itself to be reformed, if it has not abolished, I do not say the Papal Institution merely, but the Papal spirit. It is a poor change indeed, if all that has been done has only had the effect to put down one Pope, in order to set up a hundred ; if men refuse to prostrate their understandings before the decision of a living Church, and yet do not hesitate to do this before a dead creed, which is nothing, perhaps, but the decision of that same Church in an age of comparative rudeness and ignorance ; if we have thrown off the authority of the 'Lords Bishops,' merely that we may submit to that of the 'Lords brethren.' If usage, or numbers, or authority, or imagination is to decide the question of faith and worship, the Catholic is right and the Protestant is wrong."

What a deal of good sense there is in this ! If you come to the question of antiquity, true Protestantism is as much older than Popery, I speak of essences and not of forms,—as the truth as it lived in Jesus is older than the same truth when it was expressed in forms of word or ritual by a fallible Church — Protestantism is as much older than Popery as the spirit of God is older than the spirit of the world, and will last as much longer — I mean Protestantism viewed in its positive character as a principle of freedom. For as to its negative aspect, the time once was when there was no error or evil to protest

against and perhaps that time will come again some ages hence. We as true Protestants are privileged to leap at once to one origin, and not obliged to creep back to it through the uncertainties of past time. We look upward for our authority and not backward. "There, in that world," said a poor, persecuted girl, pointing to heaven, "there, great thoughts will be our ancestors." Protestantism finds her authority, if she needs any written authority, as far back at least, as those words of patriarchal antiquity, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." I waive even the new Testament which bids "every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." But our charter is written not with ink, it is written by the finger of God on the fleshly tables of the heart, it is infused by Him into the nature of the immortal and accountable soul.

For a Protestant, then, to take up the gauntlet on the subject of the transmission to him of his belief in a right line of hereditary succession from the apostles, does seem like "small skirmishing." What difference does it make whether we believe that "a latent succession was preserved in the state, in the church, and even in the Cloister, of the disciples of St. Paul; who protested against the tyranny of Rome and embraced the Bible as the rule of faith" — that the Waldenses and Albigenses, for instance, were, as old Fuller states the opinion of one party, "alone God's Virgins, his witnesses in sack cloth, his woman in the wilderness, his sealed ones, his 7000 whose knees were not suppled with the Baalism of that age," — or, according to the other opinion he quotes, whether simply "the main body of the Church visible at this time was much in dilapidations, whilst the Albigenses, as an innermost chapel thereof, was best in repair," — what practical difference does it make which we believe or what we believe about the succession of Protestantism? Those lights of which we spoke, scattered along through the dark ages were not so much watch-fires lighted by signal from one to another from peak to peak, as prophetic and independent watch-fires kindled by that sun of righteousness which, dark as the world may be externally, still shines on in the upper sky of the soul. — It is really amusing to see into what perplexity, real or affected, the old Saint Bernard, so full of every body's work, is thrown by the

circumstance of finding "a sect which calls itself after no man's name, which pretends to be in the direct line of apostolical succession; and which, rustic and unlearned though it is, contends that the Church is wrong, and that itself alone is right." "Ask of them," he says, "the founder of their sect, they will produce no one. Now who ever heard of a heresy of human origin which had not its proper heresiarch? The Manicheans had Manes for their prince and preceptor; the Sabellians Sabellius, &c. So all other pests of this kind are known to have had each its several man for master, from whom it derived its origin and its name. By what name or title will you call these fellows? None; for their heresy is not of man . . . but rather and undoubtedly derived through the inspiration and deceit of the devil." Not a very charitable alternative to be sure or a very considerate one for a man professing to follow him who taught his disciples to call no man master on earth, but quite consistent with the spirit of that age. Probably he never thought to ask them if they acknowledged Christ. Perhaps that was a name he did not like to mention in a way which would oblige him to look into its import a little too calmly. There is a deal of instruction in this real or assumed perplexity of the wonderful Saint. He knew many things—but here was one thing that posed him. He could not well understand how any man or body of men should have a faith and practice of their own derived by independent study of Scripture and communion with the spirit of truth. Their creed not having come down through his Church he concluded it must have come up from the place where "devils believe and tremble." And can we not conceive of some in our day and even nominal Protestants being a little staggered on meeting for the first time communities of believers, with no creed but Scripture, calling themselves by no name but Christian and yet unable to find the Trinity or Original Sin or a Vicarious Atonement in the Bible? Would they not be apt to think it necessary to keep the creed as a key to Scripture or as an anchor to prevent men making shipwreck of their faith? If not Christians, what can these be? Perhaps they would sectarianize them and call them *Christians*.

But what a want of faith, not to speak of charity, does all such kind of treatment imply! This is precisely and pre-emi-

nently the thing against which Protestantism protests. If it does not, it differs from Papacy only in being less perfectly organized, or having less venerableness to back itself withal — or a more enlightened mind to deal with. Put it back into the dark ages and it would be as dark a despotism. "The divisions of Protestantism," says Channing, "go far to constitute its strength. By them, the spirit of liberty, the only spirit which Rome cannot conquer, is kept alive."

If the remarks which have now been made on the genius of Protestantism are correct, what have Protestants to do with the question which used to be put to them so triumphantly by Catholics — "Where was your Religion before Luther?" This might well be put to one who pinned his faith on Luther's sleeve — but what concern has a true, independent Protestant with it, except, perhaps, to answer, our religion was in the Bible and in the mind of the spirit of the ever-living, ever-present God and in the capacities and wants at least of the souls, if not in the actual conception of a single one of the souls, which he had formed to receive it. But wherever *our* religion was, he might say, and I have no concern, as a responsible being with any other than my own, *my own* was in the word and mind of the God who has sent me down the Scriptures and given me the means of reading it for myself and understanding as much as I need to know. But he might continue, if you mean by Religion what you should mean, the allegiance of the soul to its God, your question is an absurd one, for how could I have this allegiance till I came into conscious existence?

And then, again, as to that other form of the same question, Where was your Church before the Reformation? the Protestant may reply if he will, as the author of the Life of Wickliffe replies to the question, "Where did your Church lurk, in what cave of the earth slept She, for so many hundreds of years together, before the birth of Martin Luther?" "The reply is," says he, "that she lurked beneath the folds of that garment of many colors, which the hand of superstition had woven and embellished for her, and wherewith she was fantastically encumbered and disguised. She *slept* in that cavern of enchantment where costly odors and intoxicating fumes were floating around, to overpower her sense, and to suspend her

faculties; till, at last, a voice was heard to cry . . . *Sleep no more.*" But not even this answer does a real Protestant need. He protests against the very principle on which the question is based, and which implies that if by any possibility a community should exist which had only the Bible but no lineally inspired succession of the Apostles among and over them and no other mode of ascertaining the truth than the Scriptures, their voluntary association for that purpose would not be a Church. But neither need we make this answer, which may be said to suppose what is next to impossible. We allow the Roman Church to be and to have been a part of the Church and an important part, but to have labored under important errors and abuses and corruptions. So much so as to need a vast reformation and regeneration. She had the oracles of God, but she would not give them to the people, who perished for lack of knowledge — she had fenced round the table of the Lord and refused free and full communion — and many other stains were upon her of which she needed to be purged — but the head and front of her offending was her despotism over the human soul. We can as Protestants admit the Church of Rome to have been a sister, or if you please, a mother among the Churches, but regarding the Church as God's instrument for handing down to us, not our belief, but simply the means by which we are to form our belief and especially the Bible, not the spirit, but merely those memories and examples by which we are to quicken the spirit within us, regarding Church History in a word, not as the family tree of ecclesiastical genealogy from which we derive our spiritual birthright to have and hold the truth, or our claim to caste, but simply as a record of warnings and of encouragements — deriving our Churchmanship, in the last appeal, as we certainly must do, if we are true Protestants, from the Bible as interpreted and applied by our own souls, these things being so — the question, where was your Church before the Reformation, sounds quite unanswerable, because unintelligible. The Church was where it is and always was and always will be, the true Catholic Church, in the hearts of all the faithful disciples of Jesus everywhere — and no fear that they will ever be extinct.

What answer the Oxford Catholics can make to such a question these may see who choose to take the trouble of fol-

lowing them round, as they contrive to avoid getting their succession through Rome, by a circuitous route to some other Apostle than Peter, perhaps St. John. — But this is not thorough Protestantism, which protests against such an unchurching system as this leads to, — and therefore we need not trouble ourselves with it here.

It may be a pleasant employment for ecclesiastical antiquarians to trace back their emblematic descent through eighteen centuries from the bishop who ordained or confirmed them to the bishops who ordained him, and so on away up through the dark ages to the Apostles themselves, to John or Paul or Peter — but there is a greater question — a question which swallows up all questions of mere ritual orthodoxy, and that is whether we have in our hearts the spirit of these men, the love of John, the faith of Paul, the zeal of Peter, not derived from them through a long succession of magnetic links, but caught from them by almost immediate communion with their souls over the breathing page.

THE MOURNER'S PETITION,

TO A BRILLIANT STAR, IN A SUMMER'S EVENING.

SWEET star of night! In thy calm face,
I find a tender sympathy;
And while I mourn a loved one gone,
Thy holy light doth comfort me.

Where doth our lost one dwell, kind star?
Thine eye doth look so bright and clear,
I fain must think thou mark'dst her flight
The morn she left us sorrowing here.

Hath she so far from earth withdrawn,
That she again can never come
To old familiar scenes she loved,
And friends of this her earthly home?

The music of her voice has ceased,
The light from her pure eye has fled;
Yet that she lives and loves, I know,
Though in the grave her form is laid.

Where, oh *where* is that better home
Her pure young spirit early sought?
Wears she the mien she wore on earth?
Knowest thou, beautiful star, or not?

Together here we used to sit,
Breathing the balmy evening air;
Her wonted place is vacant now;
Where hath she gone? Oh tell me where!

Impart to me, thou glorious star,
Knowledge that unto thee is given.—
—No voice replied!—The star shone on,
Deep in the distant arch of heaven!

I turned from its cold light, and sighed
"Thus will it be when I am gone;
Some loving friend may ask of me;
And silent stars will still shine on!"

Our aching hearts must meekly wait,
Nor strive to lift the curtain-cloud
Which he of Nazareth did not raise,
Though unto death his head he bowed.

No word from out the heavens will come,
Yet are we taught, by Hope and Love,
That He, whose hand upholds the stars,
Builds for our dead, fair homes above.

S. F. C.

West Roxbury.

LETTER FROM A SISTER.

III.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—I have lately been thinking on the subject of Charity, in all its bearings, but more especially as illustrated in the daily courtesies of life. And to my mind, a kindly tone and genial manner to those around us, with a lenient judgment and forbearance for the failings of those beyond our hearing, seem among the highest fruits of a Christian soul.

I have reflected much upon the gentle words of Jesus to his disciples, tempering even the merited rebuke, and above all on his never-failing mercy to the erring. With this example before me, I determined to go and do likewise. But, though "the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak," as you will think when I record a day's temptations.

In the morning of a bright, sunshiny day, I arose, filled with the most delicious emotions of gratitude and hearty good will to all human beings, and, in that spirit, I hailed a fellow-mortal with a morning salutation. In return, I received a curt, stiff reply, which seemed to congeal every glowing emotion, and for a moment all the bright and beautiful in the world before me vanished ; and an ugly demon possessed me, and my own manner became reserved and formal, and for a while I could not see the person without a renewal of every rebellious sensation. I strove to conquer every trace of offence, and cautiously avoided all appearance of retaliation, hoping for sunshine to follow the dark clouds, and ere long it was vouchsafed.

All then went smoothly again, and I thought I should certainly pass the day in peace with all, for many little opportunities for kindness occurred. I felt so happy at the power of gratifying the wants of those around me, that, in the elation of the moment, I gave full vent to my various thoughts, as they flitted through my mind. Unluckily, an unguarded, foolish expression, to which I attached not the slightest meaning, touched the excitable feelings of a young companion, who immediately launched against me a volley of keen sar-

casm and indignant rebuke. I was so suddenly overwhelmed, that for a moment I was silent ; but pride, anger, and wounded feeling rapidly succeeding each other, I at last found terms of warm defence. O ! thought I, as I feared all my good resolutions were tottering to the ground,

"O ! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us ;
It wad frae many a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

I felt it must have been my manner which caused the trouble, and, feeling unconscious of intentional wrong, I determined to seek a speedy reconciliation, begging pardon for my thoughtless aggression. It was granted, but coldly, and with no beaming smile, and then I thought my trial was harder than I could bear. How little would this trifling boon have cost the giver, and yet when withheld how great the suffering to a sensitive heart, causing a pang as severe as bodily agony.

What could I do to efface the unkind impression ? I foolishly yielded to a burst of tears, and, to my joy, the rainbow of peace and love instantly followed. Now, thought I, the day's troubles are over, and I will watch myself more carefully than ever ; but alas ! before night, I experienced a collision with one of the domestics, upon asking for a known privilege. In return, I received angry replies and coarse abuse ; but recollecting the ignorance of the woman enabled me to command myself, and the warm flush of passion thrilling through my whole frame, soon passed away. I strove to soothe her excitement by a soft reply, and certainly the effect was magical ; for more was granted than I asked, and she seemed ashamed of her petulance.

I would not weary you, dear brother, with these petty annoyances, but of such is our every day life made up, and to give you a true picture of them might perhaps be tedious ; so I will proceed to my kindred theme, that of slanderous insinuations against the absent. I have frequently been one of a circle of young friends, when imperceptibly the conversation glided from general subjects to persons, their characters, habits, motives, and particular defects, and it is no easy thing to resist the popular tide.

However, as I hoped for leniency towards my own imperfections, I resolved to take up the gauntlet in defence of the absent, and, if possible, to cite as many virtues as I knew the individuals certainly did possess, to counterbalance the list of failings. But when any one was discussed who was personally unknown, I will confess that my weakness led me to imbibe a prejudiced feeling, and, in spite of myself, the envenomed drop of illiberality was infused. It happened by good fortune that I met one of the stigmatized individuals soon after, and, notwithstanding all my prepossessions against him, I found him most agreeable, and, for aught I could see, as good as others.

Now what course of conduct should I pursue in such a case? I knew of the faults which were alleged against him, sometimes excluding him from the courtesies of social life, but to me he was in seeming most manly and honorable. Should I, on the one hand, seem to encourage sin by a friendly manner and by the extension of a sympathizing hand, or, on the other, notwithstanding kindly impulses and following the custom of others, shut him out from all interest and intercourse?

Tell me what your clear judgment dictates, and help me to find the happy medium, for I am in doubt how to guide myself in this matter. My own inclination prompts me to make no difference in my manner towards him, feeling independent of the evil report I have heard against him, and thus to enjoy all the good and genial traits of his character. By so doing I know I may lay myself open to the imputation of countenancing evil doers, because of their fascinating manner; but I cannot resist the real interest I feel in him, one of the great brotherhood of man. Besides, the divine precept says, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you;" so shall I follow that implicitly, or shall I join the band of stern censors, and, with rebuke and a stern demeanor, send fear or irritation to the heart of the sinner?

Why cannot the law of love be manifested in a sweet smile, a kindly exterior, and a regard for the reputation of those we know about us? Surely courtesy is meat and drink to the thirsting spirit, when, amid the fretting cares of life, we turn from the cold aspect of the unloving to the warm gushes of sympathy from the benevolent heart. No matter what our

position in life, no trial seems too hard to bear, no discomfort unendurable, when cheered by the genial glances of loving souls, aided by the ready hands of affectionate friends. Thus joyous with the glad, and sympathizing with the sad, may it be my lot to go through life; for by cultivating a sweet and smiling temper, with kindly charity for the faults of others, should I wield the strongest sceptre, and wear the most enduring crown. And with my favorite motto for an ending, dear brother, farewell:—

“Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.”

Y. E. N.

SUNDAY AT HOME.

“Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
Lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days;
A gleam of glory after six days’ showers.”—*Henry Vaughan*.

DELIGHTFUL as it is to go up to the house of our Lord in company with our friends, and unite in the beautiful services of our religion, it is also sometimes pleasant, as well as improving, to pass a quiet Sunday at home. Or perhaps I might rather say, that when sickness or necessity keeps us at home, a day thus spent may be turned to some spiritual improvement.

Let us recall such a day, and some of the lessons thus taught.

One by one the family have dispersed, and the little *sermon in the cradle* is preaching from the text, “He giveth his beloved sleep.” We turn to our Bible, and read and meditate on the comforting words of Holy Writ; we read the day’s service from the Church Prayer Book, not because we belong

to that communion, but because many whom we love do join in its service, and those beautiful prayers are consecrated by hallowed associations. Then other holy books make the quiet hour only too short: the "Life of Dr. Channing," so elevating and inspiring, and the delightful "Euthanasy" of Mountford, which, next to the Bible, has done more than any book we ever read to illumine the dark passages of the tomb. Death, which in our youth wore a hideous mask, grows fair and comely when we read those cheering words; while the vanities and cares of this world fade into insignificance, beneath the infinite value of the soul's true life. * * *

The afternoon is cold and chill; a few flakes of snow are beginning to fall, and one feels the comfort of a cheerful home. Books are laid aside for awhile, and we meditate on the white mantle which is coming to cover the bare earth with beauty; or join in the joyful exclamations of the children, who are watching those falling flakes with delight. The green yard in our rear has grown brown with the chilling frost, and seems to welcome its winter garment. The neat cottage opposite looks quiet as usual, only the blinds are more closed, and the white curtains in the chamber are down. But look! there is a carriage, and another, at that very door. There is a bustle about the house, and several people are going in. Can there be a funeral there? How, in a city, we live within a stone's throw of our neighbor, and know not whether joy or sorrow is going on beneath his roof! We watch, and soon the whole tale is told. A little coffin is brought out, and placed in the carriage; the father and mother and a few friends follow, and the sad procession drives slowly away. The little child, whom only a few days ago we saw playing on the doorstep, is then dead. Sorrow and sympathy follow the parents, though strangers, and we would gladly comfort them. We see them return, and O how we feel for them in their lonely home!

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But one dead lamb is there;

There is no fireside, howso'er defended,

But has one vacant chair."

Busy memory is bringing sad images, and for a moment is almost forgotten the bright hope of immortality; but that glo-

rious hope returns, and we would point those sorrowing parents

"To the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,
Bearing their little lamb asleep."

We would bid them remember those blessed words: "I am the resurrection and the life." With these words of comfort we leave them, for "silence to sanctify their grief."

But the lamps are lighted, the curtains are down, and the outward world withdrawn. Memory leaves the past, and the hopes and blessings of the present smile upon us. We read with the little ones, and hear them repeat their hymns; then their simple evening prayer, and good night kiss, bring to a cheerful close our *Sunday at home*. D. F. A.

NOTICES.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS, by Rev. Henry Giles; 2 volumes, 12 mo., pp. 300, 317. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1850.

There are three classes of publications whose inherent usefulness, justifies their authors in bringing them before the public. First, works embodying information—facts of science, processes of art, events of history. As it is a good thing to have the understanding and memory stored with these materials, the skilful preparation of such treatises is a benefit. Secondly, works investigating the problems of our nature, life, and destiny, the foundations of faith and duty, the many mysteries that, in our varying moods, perplex or invite, appal or indispose us. As it is a great advantage to possess a discriminating knowledge of the elements of experience, of the principles of conduct, of the relative worth or bane of the numerous opposing theories in philosophy and morals, the well-weighed thoughts of earnest men on these subjects deserve the attention and thanks of the community. Thirdly, works appealing to the sensibilities; works calculated to cherish the sympathies, refine the sentiments, summon forth the imagination, awaken ideal aspirations, kindle and elevate our best affections. As there are so many strong influences in action to make us selfish and cruel and worldly, he who ministers at once to our rational pleasure and spiritual improvement, by publishing poems, tales, lectures, or essays, which, while they fill our vacant hours, also quicken the disinterested elements of consciousness, and make us both wiser and better, does a good deed and should be applauded.

The two beautiful volumes of Mr. Giles's writings, recently published, come principally within this third division; though, by their able discussion of many questions in morals and life, frequently deal-

ing with the second class of subjects, and, in consequence of considerable biographical information, not wholly to be excluded from the first. The merits of these writings are of so high an order, and so numerous, that it would seem ungrateful to notice their faults with any severity, or at any length. The style is generally excellent, clear, earnest, simple while poetic, and highly eloquent without being turgid. But sometimes the modesty of real nature is overstepped, narrative or argument becomes declamation where the realities in the case do not warrant it, and the form grows obtrusively artificial, antithetic and climacteric. We have not room to speak of the separate papers. We have read them all with interest and satisfaction, and not, we trust, without profit. Some of them show much intellectual keenness and force. Some of them are full of exquisite beauty; some of them are charged with a sincerity of pathos that, as we should think, would compel a hard-hearted man to brush the tears from his eyes: all of them reveal remarkable rhetorical power, uncommon sensibility, and a pure and lofty moral tone. By a profound and varied experience, in addition to his natural gifts, the author has learned of the deep things of the heart, and knows how to reach to the secret and lonely places of our humanity and touch the mystic strings. We strongly recommend these books to our readers. One can hardly peruse them without being moved by them. No one can be moved by them to anything that is not noble and good. A.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by William Ware. Vol. I. MUNROE & Co. 1850.

It is an excellent design of Mr. Ware to enrich our literature with these memorials of good men, and good men who have lived and breathed in our own atmosphere of thought and feeling. No author is more competent to the task than the who has undertaken it. The reading public will rejoice to have any communications with the accomplished gentleman, friend and instructor, whose voice they too seldom hear. The present volume contains sketches of the lives and characters of Noah Worcester, John Prince, Ezra Ripley, James Freeman, Eliphalet Porter, Aaron Bancroft, Joseph Mottey, John Allyn, Henry Ware, Thaddeus Mason Harris, John Thornton Kirkland, Nathaniel Thayer, and Abiel Abbott. It is sufficient to recommend this work that it already contains contributions from the pens of Henry Ware, Jr., Charles W. Upham, Barzillai Frost, Francis W. P. Greenwood, George Putnam, Alonzo Hill, David Damon, Convers Francis, John Gorham Palfrey, Nathaniel Hall, Alexander Young, and Stevens Everett.

We have received the following Reports, all of them containing useful and noteworthy matter, diligently and ably drawn up, by skilful men, filled with the spirit of their several labors: viz. of the Trustees the Massachusetts General Hospital; of the Ministry at Large in Providence, conducted by Rev. E. M. Stone; of the Progress and Characteristics of the Cholera in Boston,—most instructive in a sanitary view, by the City Physician; and of the Norfolk Agricultural Society, a new and flourishing institution. We have also a learned and well written Lecture, introductory to a Course on Surgery, delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College, by Dr. Henry J. Bigelow; and the delightful Semi-Centennial Sermon preached in Plymouth, January 1, by Rev. Dr. Kendall; a discourse, in its affectionate temper and its valuable and touching reminiscences, quite worthy of its author.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.—Mr. Francis C. Williams was ordained over the First Church and Society in North Andover, on Wednesday, February 27, 1850. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of East Boston; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Roxbury; Sermon, by Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Salem; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester.

In the Council the following resolution was submitted by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston:—

“Resolved, That this Council cannot separate without expressing their sense of the value of the long and faithful services of the late Pastor of this Church, and their hope that, under the blessing of the Divine Providence, he may be spared to enjoy, many years, a tranquil and happy old age.”

Rev. Bailey Loring has been forty years Pastor of the Society, and the united ministries of himself and his predecessor cover a period of about ninety years.

DEDICATION AT LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The First Congregational Society in Leominster having remodelled their church, it was dedicated on Thursday, February 28, 1850. Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Sermon, by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith, from Romans i. 16; the other services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester, Rev. Mr. Babcock, and Rev. Dr. Allen.

The sale of the pews took place on the 27th, and produced more than sufficient to pay all the expenses of the remodelling. Beneath the church is a large and commodious vestry, in which the Society have worshipped during the past three months, having previously, through the kindness and courtesy of the Orthodox Society, (Rev. O. G. Hubbard, Pastor,) been accommodated in their church.

REV. DR. BARRETT, of the Twelfth Congregational Church, in Chambers street, preached to his congregation, February 10, a discourse on the occasion of the completion of a quarter of a century since his settlement. Dr. Barrett was ordained pastor of his church on the 9th of February, 1825, and his ministration has been one of the most successful in the annals of New England church history. For the long period of twenty-five years, the connection between pastor and people has remained unbroken, and during that time the Society has continually prospered, and is at present considered as one of the most flourishing in our city. Dr. Barrett stated that, during the period in which he had been connected with the Society, he had performed the marriage ceremony 302 times, had attended the funerals of 252 persons belonging to the Society, and made over 6000 visits to members of the congregation.

WINDSOR, VT.—Mr. George Osgood has received an invitation to preach to the Unitarian Society at Windsor, for a year.